

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## ANGLO-AMERICAN UNITY.

BY THE BRITISH POET LAUREATE, ALFRED  
AUSTIN.

What is the voice I hear  
On the wind of the Western Sea?  
Sentinel, listen from Cape Clear,  
And say what the voice may be,  
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud  
To a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!  
We severed have been too long;  
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth  
last,  
And be stronger than death is strong.'"

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,  
And blood of the selfsame clan,  
Let us speak with each other, face to face,  
And answer as man to man,  
And lovingly love and trust each other,  
As none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,  
Shamrock, thistle and rose,  
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl  
with these,

A message to friends and foes,  
Wherever the sails of peace are seen  
And wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bound and thrall to wake,  
For wherever we come, we twain,  
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and  
quake

And his menace be void and vain,  
For you are lords of a strong young land  
And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March  
gale,  
"We severed have been too long;  
But now we have done with a worn-out  
tale,

The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth  
last  
And be stronger than death is strong."

## MERE SUSANNE.

When I first saw her, she was standing in her cottage doorway, leaning both hands on her stick. The sunset was on her face, glorifying the cottage windows and the little garden, and there was a noise of singing birds about her. Her eyes turned westward. She was a little old woman, with gray hair and a small, determined face. Her lips were thin and her eyes bright and deep set, with penthouse brows. I lingered, wondering a little. From inside the cottage, there came the continual cheep, cheep, and twitter of birds. There were cages hung up outside near the door, and one even on the doorstep. The old woman looked straight across the flat fields to the sunset. She had a colorless wrap about her head, and she wore a colorless dress and a blue apron. The sunset glorified them all.

I thought she did not see me, but as I went by she called to me, and I turned back. She came down to the little gate, and said, "Monsieur is a stranger?"

"Yes, madame."

"And he has traveled perhaps?"

"In many lands."

"Has he ever met a tall lad, a soldier, very fair and handsome, with blue eyes?"

"I have met many soldiers, madame."

"But this one! Think, monsieur," she urged. "You could never have forgotten him. His hair was like the sky yonder"—she pointed to the ruined gold of the sunset—"and his eyes danced, danced always. He was always merry."

"I am very sorry, madame, I do not remember him."

She seemed a little saddened and was turning away when I said, "You keep many singing birds, madame?"

"They call me Mere Susanne," she said. "Come in, monsieur, if you will, and see them."

The cottage was two roomed—one room where she lived and slept; I learned afterward that the other was a shrine—empty—where she went to pray when her heart and hope were numb.

The little kitchen was filled with birds in cages. She had to put one on the floor to offer me a seat. As for herself she sat down on a stool in the midst of them. Then she took up the cage from the floor on her knee, and putting in her hand, captured the songster. It was a chaffinch. She stroked its wings and laid it against her face. It did not try to escape, but nestled

contentedly against the wrinkled cheek.

"It knows you," I said. She gave a contented little laugh. "They all do. But I won't need them when he comes home."

"Who is he?"

"He—my boy that I told you of. Some of them used to say he would never come back when they thought I didn't hear them. But I know."

The twilight was closing in. A gradual hush had crept over the linnets and finches, the canaries and the rest. She put back the bird into its cage and rose; I too. She did not ask me to go again. I went out into the little garden and the twilight and continued my walk; but, returning home the same way, I heard a strange sound through the spring darkness. It was Mere Susanne crouched up by the garden paling, crying to herself.

A few days later I came across her in the fields. She was plucking dandelion and herbs for salad and groundsel for birds. She told me that she went about selling them to those of the neighbors who had no time to come and look for their own.

The new green was springing up around us. The sky was blue. A spring wind wandered about and blew apart the old woman's hair on her forehead as she worked.

"You leave your birds alone all day?" I said.

"Yes," she answered, "but I hear them singing all the same."

"How, then, since your cottage is not near here?"

"How do I know?" she said, straightening herself. "It gets plainer and plainer as I go home in the evenings, and when I get in at the gate they all begin together." She stooped down again, smiling. "It's almost like having a child waiting for one," she said, but not to me.

I thought of her that evening when, looking out of my window, I saw that the sky in the west had turned primrose. I saw her trudging home with the light on her face and the singing of her birds in her ears growing nearer and nearer, till at last she turned in at the little gate.

Often after that, I met her in the fields or going her rounds in the village. Sometimes when I saw her talking with the neighbors, I fancied that the glamour of a spring evening had worked a spell and that after all, there was nothing uncommon or evil about her, and then I remembered the eyes that had watched the sunset and the strange sound heard through the spring darkness.

If in the daytime I chanced to pass her cottage, which stood alone among the sad, cultivated fields, I heard her birds singing and chirping ceaselessly. "Monsieur," she said to me once, "when I am dead they will stop singing."

She went early to work in the mornings, giving them fresh food and water before starting. Often she went far afield for herbs. Once I met her coming home slowly and heavily, leaning on her stick. Dusk had fallen, and the east was growing tender for the moonrise.

She asked me in that evening. I noticed that she moved about feebly, as though she were tired out, and at last she sat down and was silent.

"Mere Susanne," I said suddenly, "when is your boy coming back? How long has he been away?"

By the movement she made I knew that she raised her head, for we were in darkness.

"Monsieur," she said, "he may come any day. Every night I say to myself, 'Perhaps he will come to-morrow, may be before I am up, or he will meet me coming home in the evening.'"

"Why does he delay, Mere Susanne?" Her fingers grew restless and plucked at her apron. "I cannot tell, monsieur. But it is not long since he went—only a little while ago."

"When did he go, Mere Susanne, and why? You have never told me. When was it?"

"It was during the war, monsieur. I do not know how long ago; I have no memory, but only a

little while since. 'Monsieur will know. He went to fight.'"

Then at last I began to understand. It was 20 years since her boy had gone. She would not have known him now. He was a tall lad, fair and handsome, and blue eyed to her still, and she was waiting for him to come back from a battlefield which the plow had turned up a score of times since that last battle had been fought.

The little room and the darkness seemed to me to grow very sad. At times came a twitter from a sleepless bird, and then the moonlight stole in and found us. Mere Susanne rose up. "See, monsieur," she said, "I will show you his room." And she took me into the other chamber. It was very bare and spotless, and the white moonlight was glorifying it—nay, was hallowing it; for it was a shrine. There was nothing in it except a chair and a chest of drawers and the bed against the wall. The moonlight was streaming on to the pillow where should have been lying the head that had slept since on another bed of honor.

Mere Susanne stole up and kissed it, and then, kneeling, laid her own head there. And I stumbled out into the little garden and the soft moonshine and shadow, not seeing where I went.

Sometimes I fancy that her boy came home; that some early summer twilight he met her returning from the fields and came back with her through the little gate and in to the cottage, his arm about her shoulders and she looking up at his face with pride and peace in hers.

Was it so, I wonder! I like to think that it was. For one morning when I passed by the little cottage stood with open door in the early sunlight. And the birds had stopped singing.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## Not George Washington.

I saw him standing in the crowd,  
A comely youth and fair!  
There was a brightness in his eye,  
A glory in his hair!  
I saw his comrades on him gaze—  
His comrades standing by;  
I heard them whisper each to each,  
"He never told a lie!"

I thought of questions very hard  
For boys to answer right,  
"How did you tear those pantaloons?"  
"My son, what caused the fight?"  
"Who left the gate ajar last night?"  
"Who bit the pumpkin pie?"  
What boy could answer all of these  
And never tell a lie?

I proudly took him by the hand—  
My words with praise were rife;  
I blessed that boy who never told  
A falsehood in his life.  
I told him I was proud of him.  
A fellow standing by  
Informed me that that boy was dumb  
Who never told a lie.

## FACING DEATH.

The strike at the foundry, starting from comparatively small grievances, had, thanks to the influence of a few of the leaders, reached a state where satisfactory settlement seemed impossible. The men had expected to be out a week or ten days at the most, but nearly two months had elapsed, and their position was almost desperate. Several deputations had waited on old Mr. Vice, the proprietor, but had been invariably referred back to the manager, with the understanding that he had full authority to deal with them.

The manager, Shotwell, a young man of intelligent sympathies, from the first had been willing, even eager, to discuss the men's grievances and help them to an understanding. But when he found that the leaders, to whom the men had intrusted their cause, not only were disposed to take advantage of his justice, but were seeking their own ends at the expense of the men, he suddenly changed his attitude and refused to listen to any proposals other than absolute surrender. He gave the three leaders to understand in the plainest language that under no consideration would he tolerate their presence in the shops again.

The result of this understanding and the contemptuous way in which the manager had expressed his opinion of the leaders and their scheming, roused these men from sullen spite to hatred. They could not keep the men out or get back themselves unless—well, unless

Shotwell changed his mind, and they knew him too well to hope for that.

Shotwell's obstinacy had surprised even old Mr. Vice, who had known him from boyhood—known him so well, in fact, that he had sanctioned the young man's engagement to Dorothy, his daughter. It was possibly the thought of a future partnership that made him so determined to stand to his guns now, and show the old man and his sweetheart that he was capable of holding the reins.

Even Dorothy's lover hardly understood her. She had strange ideas of "soul communion" that made the matter-of-fact young man gasp, and she had an uncanny knack of demonstrating the proof of her beliefs by reading his unspoken thoughts with an accuracy that to a less hearty, wholesome young fellow might have been embarrassing. But withal she was so womanly and tender and her fancies so pretty, that gradually he grew used to them and found himself often lingering over them and almost wishing they could be true.

To one of these fancies he readily yielded. Each evening both sat wherever they might be in silence for a little time and let their thought go out freely to each other; "soul talks" Dorothy called them, and, whatever they were, the result was that his love for the girl grew more tender and he knew that in some subtle manner he was coming to understand her better and better each day. The time has been inexpressibly dear to him of late. They were his moments of absolute rest from the worry of the strike, and he always felt his brain refreshed and afterward was better able to cope with his growing difficulties.

The pulse of the strike was growing feverish, and night after night Shotwell had slept at the office, fearing some kind of attack on the premises. By the end of the week worry and lack of sleep had told heavily upon him, and as he sat smoking in the mysterious shadows of the early evening he determined that this must be his last night alone; he would get a watchman to aid him. His thoughts grew vague and mixed. His pipe fell to the floor and made him jump, then his eyes closed for a moment, opened sluggishly, dropped again, and he was fast asleep.

With a start and a fearful sense of oppression he awoke, struggling wildly in his chair; tried to cry out, and realized that he was tied down. A cloth was wound tightly over his mouth, while the room was filled with a subtle, sickly odor of chloroform. He heard a sneering laugh behind his chair and "Well, yer took a purty good nap that time, didn't yer?" There was an answering growl from another throat, and the two men came round in front, both muffled in heavy coats and pieces of cloth covering the upper half of their faces. One of them carried a small black box somewhat gingerly to the desk and set it down in front of Shotwell. He turned a little brass key in it, and hidden machinery began to tick-tack, tick-tack, like a clock. He twisted the box around and Shotwell saw a small dial, with the hands pointed to 9:50 o'clock. One of the men attached one end of a string to a lever on the box and with the greatest precaution tied the other end to Shotwell's left wrist, then fixed another string to the same lever and to the other wrist.

"Now, see here, Mr. Shotwell, you've got just 46 minutes, and then that thing goes off, and God have mercy on your soul. If you should want the thing to go quicker, just struggle hard, and if you manage to pull either of them strings—well, I guess it'll oblige you."

"Now, Bill, we've got no time to waste. Here's the keys, you go for the safe, and I'll fix the desk."

Inside of 15 minutes Shotwell's guests had gone, leaving little trace of their visit except a faint odor of chloroform and that strange looking black box, with its monotonous tick tack, tick tack.

The whole thing had happened so suddenly and his brain was so heavy with the drug that the men were gone before he fully realized the horror of his position. As it dawned on him he could not believe

it was true; it was some terrible nightmare. He strove to shake himself, but the tightening of the strings on his wrists and a half jar in the tones of that ceaseless tick tack brought him back to his senses with a chill of horror.

He glared terror-stricken at the little clock that was ticking off the moments of his life—a second each time. A few minutes and then—he broke out into a cold sweat; an unmanly fear of this unknown, cruel thing, crept over him, and for awhile he sat, huddled in abject terror; then slowly the soul of the man steadied itself. He closed his eyes to pray, and the word that came was "Dorothy."

With a fierce mental effort he pulled together his shaken faculties for her sake. Perhaps he would die like a man. Perhaps she would know he had been no coward.

Tick tack, tick tack, 20 minutes past 9. Ah, it was time to sit and talk to "Dorrie." Well, he would do it—would give to her those last 20 minutes. And so he sat on, his face drawn and ghastly, but his courage firm—sat and bade a long goodbye to the girl he loved; thought strong, manly thoughts of her that kept fear from his heart. But while his utmost self talked with Dorrie his flesh grew gray and pinched, the lonely silence broken only by the steady ticking of his clock of doom.

Dorothy that night sat reading, then later fell to wondering of Arthur alone in that great building, and at the thought of his loneliness all her heart went out to him, and perhaps some of her soul, for her body fell asleep. Then she, too, woke with a start—a start of perplexity and fear; fear for Arthur. What was it? She passed her hand over her forehead, bewildered. What was it—why could she not remember? Then the ticking of the clock on the mantel caught her ear—caught it strangely, and she listened, breathless, trembling. Tick tack tick tack! What did it mean? Then slowly and softly a solemn voice fell on her inner ear:

"Goodby, Dorrie! Goodby, darling!"

"Ah!" She rose to her full height; was rigid there for an instant; then quietly: "Yes, I know. I understand." She walked quietly to her father's room, took his keys and taking her hat and coat, slipped unseen out into the night.

Tick tack, tick tack—eight minutes more.

"Eight minutes—eight years. God! Can I wait? One brave spring now would end the torture, and—No, no, for Dorrie's sake, for the honor of love, I'll live my life out to the last bittersecond." Shotwell closed his eyes a few moments; then, opening them, he saw a face in the doorway gazing at him. To him it seemed the soul of Dorrie, come to say "Goodby."

He was not afraid, hardly awed. It was not real. Dying men's eyes are sometimes strangely clear. He noticed the hat, the coat, the face drawn with fearful anguish. Souls did not look like that. It was Dorrie herself. A moment of wild joy was swallowed up in a still greater horror—"Dorrie"—here, with that thing—O God! This was worst of all. But her quick hands touched him deftly untying the handkerchief that gagged him, then delicately slipping those fearful strings from his wrists.

"How long, Arthur?" she whispered.

He glanced desperately at the clock.

"Two minutes. Don't stop to untie me. Water, quick! There's a bucket. Fill it at the tap. It's our only chance."

She comprehended instantly. Oh, how slow the water ran! She walked swiftly to the desk, took the box in her hands and carried it, ticking, to the bucket, placed it in and held it, trembling, as the water swallowed it, until there was a little rasping jar in the ticking. Shotwell drew one deep, long breath as he stooped over the girl and waited for what never came. One, two, three minutes passed. Then, with a breath of half fearful relief, he looked down at Dorrie. She was fast asleep, nestled in his arms and breathing peacefully.

He waked her with a kiss. She

stared at him in sleepy surprise. "Why, Arthur, where am I? What is it, dear? How white you look, and see, the water's running all over the floor! You careless boy—I—oh, Arthur, I—take me home."—*Aguila Kempster in Providence Telegram.*

## The Courtesies of Life.

There are a number of people—not many, let us hope—in every community, who attach no value to anything that does not conduce to their temporal welfare. These people call themselves "practical," and are fond of inquiring what good is music, painting, the arts, or anything not strictly "practical."

But there are valuable things outside of money-making pursuits, and one of them is courtesy, which, when reduced to rules and regulations, is called etiquette.

But we may dismiss etiquette and speak of courtesy, which any one may exercise. There is a surprising amount of courtesy in every-day life—much more than a person would think, if not a close observer.

It is not much to say "Thank you!" to the elevator boy or the shop-girl, or attendants of any kind; but it is very grateful to the recipient.

The pleasant "Excuse me!" or "I beg your pardon!" smooths over a bit of awkwardness of blunder, that would rankle if passed by unheeded and unnoticed.

When some clumsy person jostles you in turn and stammers out an apology, or is perhaps too confused to speak at all, it is easy to smile and say, "It is of no consequence!" Perhaps it is of consequence; but a black look or an angry word would not mend matters. In the street and railway car, in any public assemblage, or at any place where strangers meet, courtesy can be exercised and adapted to the everyday haps and mishaps that beset our path. Some people affect to despise these little amenities, and call them affected.

Perhaps they are in some cases, and the smile may be but a mask to hide anger and irritation; but we are thankful for it, none the less.

An angry person is always a disagreeable sight, and if the person has enough self-command to dissemble his rage, so much the better. This is not hypocrisy; it is good manners, as well as good sense.

Then we doubt if any one really can nourish anger or hatred while smiling and using gentle words; unless, of course, the cause of anger is deep-rooted. But we are not considering such cases—only the transitory happenings that ruffle our existence.

Like the "quality of mercy," of which Portia speaks, courtesy blesses alike the giver and receiver. It is a habit which is easily cultivated, and soon grows to be a part of one's self, until it is as natural as breathing. Make it your firm resolve to never let an opportunity pass to do a polite action or drop a word of praise or commendation, and life will soon look brighter and happier.

Call them trivial, if you will, the little courtesies of life are what make life enjoyable, and we cannot have too much of them. There is no danger of exhausting the supply, of that we may be sure.—*Golden Days.*

## SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

APRIL 3D, SUNDAY BEFORE EASTER  
3 P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
Trinity Church, Newark.  
St. John's Church, Yonkers.

Wednesday in Holy Week,  
April 6th, Combined Service in  
St. Matthew's Church, 8 P.M.  
Good Friday April 8th, 5 P.M.

Sale and Reunion in aid of the  
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes,  
Tuesday and Wednesday, April  
12th and 13th.

Confirmation at St. Mark's  
Church, Brooklyn, Sunday, April  
24th, 10:30 A.M.

## NAMES OF STATES.

The following names of States and their meanings are worth preserving:

Maine takes its name from the province of Maine, in France, and was so called as a compliment to the queen of Charles I.

New Hampshire took its name from Hampshire, England. New Hampshire was originally called Laconia.

Vermont is French (*Verd mont*), signifying green mountain. Massachusetts is an Indian word, signifying "country about the great hills."

Rhode Island gets its name because of its fancied resemblance to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean Sea.

The real name of Connecticut is "Quon-eh-ta-cut." It is a Mohican word, signifying "long river."

New Jersey was named for Sir George Carter, who was at that time governor of the Isle of Jersey in the British Channel.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, the "sylvania" part of it meaning woods. Literally, it is "Penn's woods."

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord de-la-Ware.

Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. Virginia got its name from Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen."

Kentucky does not mean "dark and bloody ground," but is derived from the Indian word "Kain-tuk-ee," signifying "land of the head of the river."

The Carolinas were named from *Kanumas de Flores*, or "feast of the flowers."

Alabama comes from a Greek word, and signifies "land of rest." Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi is a Natchez word that means "father of waters."

Three or four Indian interpretations have been given to the word Arkansas, the best being that it signifies "smoke waters," the French prefix "ark" meaning bow. Tennessee, according to some writers, is from Tenasea, an Indian chief; others have it that it means "river of the big bend."

Ohio has several meanings fitted to it. Some say that it is a Suwanee word, meaning "The beautiful river." Others refer to the Wyandotte word "Oheza," which signifies "something great."

Indiana means "land of Indians." Illinois is supposed to be derived from an Indian word, which was intended to refer to a superior class of men.

Wisconsin is an Indian word meaning "wild rushing waters." Georgia had its name bestowed when it was a colony, in honor of George II.

Missouri means "muddy water."

Michigan is from an Indian word meaning "great lake."

The name of Kansas is based on the same as that of Arkansas.

The Spanish missionaries of 1524 called the country now known as Texas "Mictécapah," and the people "Mictécas." From the last word the name of Texas is supposed to have been derived.

Oregon is a Spanish word signifying "vales of wild thyme." Dakota means "leagued" or "allied tribes."

Wyoming is the Indian word for "Big Plains."

Washington gets its name from our first president.

Montana means mountains. Idaho is a name that has never been satisfactorily accounted for.

Iowa is named from an Indian tribe—the Kiowas; and the Kiowas were so called by the Illinois Indians because they were "across the river."

The name of California is a matter of much dispute. Some writers say that it first appeared in a Spanish romance of 1530, the heroine being an Amazonian named "California."

Colorado is a Spanish word, applied to that portion of the Rocky Mountains on account of its many-colored peaks.

New York was so named as a compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory.

Nebraska means shallow waters. Nevada is a Spanish word, signifying "snow-covered mountains."



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose tone of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

### Our Easter Celebration.

The life of a child should be made up of just as much joy and happiness as possible. It is, therefore, pleasant to observe as many holidays as possible. Easter is to every Christian a day of supreme happiness and rejoicing. Coming in the Spring, when Nature is awakening and smiling, it naturally brings happiness to the heart of every one. Even vanity is gratified on this day by the new gown and bonnet, or perhaps only gloves or a bit of ribbon, to humor the superstition that, in order to bring peace and happiness, something new must be worn on Easter Sunday.

So, while there is such widespread rejoicing, let us make it a day of happiness to the little people too. Among the Germans there is as much mystery connected with Easter as with Christmas for the little ones, and they await the "Oster Haase" at this time just as they did Santa Claus at Christmas. The day before Easter the children industriously collect grass or moss, if possible (otherwise, hay or straw takes its place), and arrange nests outdoors (where practicable) for the "Oster Haase" to deposit his beautifully-colored eggs. Sometimes this mischievous rabbit conceals his offerings, and there is a merry hunt for the eggs, the one finding the most being, of course, correspondingly proud and happy.

If the weather or other circumstances forbid this outdoor sport, the good old rabbit may be induced to hide the eggs indoors where he finds many secret corners to give the little ones a good hunt. The breakfast table should hold a dish of brightly-colored eggs, and, if romping is objected to, the eggs might be placed at the plate of each member of the family, instead of as above suggested. A little brush, paints or gilding, and tissue paper, will convert some of these eggs into pretty objects to delight the children, and one might find its way to the plate of each child as a special surprise. If a particularly comical one should grace papa's plate, it might afford great amusement.

A yellow egg would make a good Mongolian, and a little Japanese lady would amuse some little girl, while a pale red egg, dressed and ornamented as an Indian, would delight the young lord of the household. Ideas for these adornments will readily suggest themselves. After eggs are colored, they can be made very artistic with ordinary ink and pen.

It requires no great labor to color eggs, and every household where there is a child, ought to receive a visit from this wonderful rabbit termed "Oster Haase" by our little German friends.

Egg dyes can be obtained at the drug store. They come two and four colors in a package and cost five and ten cents. The eggs are first boiled hard or soft as may be desired, although they are usually boiled hard. It has been asserted that hard-boiled egg, if boiled ten minutes, is just as easily digested as the soft-boiled ones, and as children usually handle the colored eggs considerably, it is advisable to prepare them thus.

Mix the coloring according to directions on package; and it is very little trouble to color eggs beautifully. If you purchase the dark colors, you need simply dip the egg into the dye, and you will have a light shade, while leaving it in longer will make it darker. After you have sufficient of each color you can mix the dyes, and thus obtain good results and a variety of colorings at small expense. A little vinegar should be added to the dye to set the coloring better.

Immediately after taking from dye, rub the eggs well with olive oil to give them a fine gloss. A cloth dipped in ordinary lard will also serve nicely to polish them. Some prefer to varnish the eggs, which naturally gives them a high gloss, but the oiling or greasing

gives satisfactory results. Wear old kid gloves while coloring, as it seems impossible not to handle the eggs somewhat, and also use the green dye sparingly, as all greens contain arsenic.

To obtain variety, take a piece of soap, and, before putting the eggs into the dye, put on the surface of each egg figures or flowers just as you would with a brush, or simply make stripes, circles, crosses or wavy lines. These parts will then not take the coloring, and can be made to look quite artistic. The children's names or some endearing terms can be thus written on with soap.

Take a little skewer or small stick and make designs or any device of one color upon the egg, then dip it into another color (usually a lighter shade), and you will be pleased with result.

The mottled or marbled eggs are very beautiful. For this purpose get the Easter-egg paper (I think it is sold by grocers). It comes in packages of one dozen sheets (for one dozen eggs), at five cents, will full direction for use, and makes beautiful eggs.

A piece of calico, or any goods not of fast color, sewed or tied around the egg before it is boiled, will make it very pretty. One often has odd pieces of such goods, and the plaids especially make odd and beautiful eggs.

Onion peels make a good dye. Some families rely wholly upon these for coloring eggs, and get as many as eight different shades, from light yellow to a deep brown or maroon, by allowing some to boil longer than others. By using the soap as suggested, even more variety can be obtained. Naturally, in this, however, as well as in the logwood coloring, the soap must be applied to the egg before it is boiled. The onion peels must be covered with sufficient water to permit boiling as many eggs as desired. The peels should be boiled several hours—the longer they boil the stronger the dye—and the eggs are then boiled in this liquid the same as if it were ordinary water.

The logwood, which can be obtained at any dyewood mill, grates, makes a very satisfactory dye. Boil a pound of this in sufficient water to boil the eggs for several hours, then boil eggs therein the same as in water. This dyewood usually comes in yellow and in red, so that the eggs can be colored in the various shades of rich red or yellow.

Coloring eggs for neighbors and friends might be made a source of income. Many ladies do not care to trouble themselves with coloring eggs and would gladly pay for the "ready-made" article if obtainable from a "reliable house." In my own family it would not seem like Easter unless there were colored eggs served for breakfast and as an occasional "bite" through the day. Many German families add the rabbit to the breakfast menu. It consists of a "Kuchen" or ordinary rusk or bun dough cut with a form into the shape of a rabbit. These rabbits can be purchased at German bakeries, and children find it good fun to pull apart the "old fellow" and eat him with the breakfast coffee or milk.

Why should we not follow these pleasant German customs, and make Easter a happy day for the children just as we endeavor to make the dear old Christmas festival a merry one? Many pretty and useful little articles, appropriate to Easter, are now for sale at all the stores. Why not exchange these small inexpensive trifles in the household as Easter gifts? There are rabbits, chickens and eggs to delight the children, and bookmarks and bric-a-brac for the grown-up members, while a beautiful egg dish, or a silver thimble in one of those thimble cases representing an egg and small chicken will delight mamma, and a match holder in rabbit or egg shape will please papa.—*Emilie Hoffman.*

### FAKE.

"Better than all is fame," he said,  
"His better than wealth or wine  
To see the populace away its head  
And to hear its shouts combine!"

"Sweeter than kiss the bridegroom sips  
Is the honey sweet of fame,  
When the grateful nation opens its lips  
To utter a hero's name!"

Trampled by hoofs and hurrying feet,  
With powder and blood bestrewn,  
His body they found, on the foe's retreat,  
Where the bullets thickest rained.

Silently through the crowded street  
The muffled coffin came;  
Not a word—not a cheer—heart's quicker beat,  
And that was the hero's fame.

—*Wm Ham Roscoe Thayer.*

A very quiet entertainment was given by the Catholic deaf of Baltimore, Md., last Monday evening, March 21st, in honor of Sister Benedict, the principal of St. Francis Xavier's School for Deaf-Mutes. The affair though of short duration was greatly enjoyed by all, especially the Sisters. The School was started by the Sisters of the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, last September, with 8 pupils. Now it has 14 pupils with a promising increase in the near future. Most of the sisters are well-versed in the sign language and take a very deep interest in the little ones under their charge.

Henry Buermann, of Yonkers, N. Y., is now a member of the Holywood Inn, last Monday Messrs. Thomas and Buermann attended the Smoker's Concert.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### An Interesting Faculty Lecture.

#### CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER ARRIVES.

Baseball Victories—Other Items.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

—WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27.—Friday evening the last lecture of the Faculty series, with which the dull months of winter, or the "rainy season," have been enlivened, was given by Professor Hotchkiss, his subject being "Trial by Ordeal."

The lecturer described the origin of this mode of obtaining justice, as was supposed, and told how widespread was the belief in its efficacy. China appears to be the only exception to its former universality. The ordeals of ancient India, by their similarity to those of our ancestry, prove their kinship to us. This kind of trial we find in vogue in Egypt under the reign of King Amasis. It was practiced among the Hebrews, as described frequently in the "Old Testament." In Japan was found a species known in the vernacular as the "Goo." As to its prevalence among the Greeks, we find the following passage in Sophocles' *Antigone*.

"Ready with hands to bear the red-hot iron,  
To pass through fire, and by the gods to swear  
That we nor did the deed, nor do we know."

It was also known among the Romans, and was indigenous among the Danes, Swedes, and Slavians, and general but adopted among other members of the Teutonic race and the Celts.

As a reason for this general prevalence in later times, may be considered the Roman practice of letting subject races be governed by their own laws, which resulted in confusion, and so people of one race could not testify against those of another, rendered the ordeal a necessity.

Among the earliest forms were the ordeals by boiling water and by red-hot iron. The boiling water had sometimes to be swallowed; at others, the hand plunged in. The modern Hindoo substituted *Ghee*, or sesame oil, sometimes melted lead. The ordeal was practiced in India as late as 1867. With iron, the one put to the test might be obliged to walk over hot ploughshares, or carry a red-hot bar a certain distance, proportioned to the magnitude of the crime. The ordeal by fire was very common, and there are several famous illustrations thereof.

Then there was the ordeal of cold water, which differed from others in requiring a miracle to prove the accused guilty, and whence, in the natural order of things, he escaped. It survived in the ducking-stool for witches, who were believed to be of lighter specific gravity than water. Pliny mentions such a race of enchanters as dwelling on the Euxine; and another writer describes the inhabitants of Thebe, as magicians who could kill with their breath, and who floated when thrown into the sea.

The ordeal of the cross depended for its efficacy on simple endurance; that of bread or cheese, on the imagination. The death of Godwin, father of Harold, the last Saxon king of England, at the table of Edward the Confessor, was supposed to be the result of a defiant acceptance of this latter ordeal. It was confined mostly to the Saxons, and to the lower orders of that race. It was still practiced by their descendants in 1613.

The ordeal of the Eucharist may be regarded as a simplification of the above—in fact, of all, since it was partaken of before each.

The ordeal by lot requires no explanation.

In the ordeal by bier-right, a murderer was supposed to be proven guilty by the bleeding of his victim's corpse on his approach.

There were, also, a poison-ordeal practiced in Africa. There were quite a number of irregular methods. And these were the well-known ones of oaths on relics, and of the tourney-combats of the Middle Ages; surviving in the modern duel.

Quite a number of new or "little-known" illustrations from history were given with each, and the writer regrets his inability to report all.

Two more practice-games of baseball were played during the week. The first Wednesday, was a second one with the centrals, who tied the week before. This time we easily defeated them. L. Rosson pitched four innings and allowed but one hit, striking out four men. Waters finished the game, but was less steady. In the fifth, a base on balls, a passed ball and a base-hit, brought in a run for the visitors. In the seventh, a base on balls, a

single, a wild pitch and a sacrifice, resulted in two more runs.

The visitors' first pitcher retired after the third inning, in which five hits were made from him.

The score:  
C. H. S. 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 0—3 4 9  
GALLAUDET 1 0 3 0 1 0 0 3—10 8 1

Friday we defeated the Westerns for the second time quite easily, owing to better pitching and batting. Our fielding was quite as bad as the visitors, which is noteworthy, and at the same time excusable, as the fielding thus far had been almost perfect, and an off-day could be pardoned for once. Erd pitched five innings. In the third, three hits, with the aid of a brace of errors and passed ball, gave the visitors three runs. L. Rosson pitched the last four innings, with but a single hit from his delivery. In the ninth another man of the Westerns was passed around the bases on a couple of wild throws and an error.

For our team, Bumgardner and Statman nearly monopolized batting honors, the former netting three two-base hits, and the latter a single, a two-base hit, and a home-run.

The score:  
U. H. S. 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 1—4 4 6  
GALLAUDET 1 0 1 0 2 1 1 0 x—6 9 7

Mr. Driggs umpired both games. Andree caught well in both, but his "throwing wing" is a little too exuberant.

A game was to be played with Business High School Saturday, but the team appeared without uniforms, and so we declined to play. Instead, Manager Eichhoff, Captain Davis, and Messrs. Erd and Jackson, then went to Georgetown to see the game with Johns Hopkins and get points for use against both teams. We play Georgetown Wednesday and Catholic University Saturday, two pretty hard games for one week.

Our longed-for and long-looked-for football championship banner arrived Tuesday. Needless to say it was greeted with great enthusiasm. After dinner a parade was formed with the eleven lined up in front, preceded by Manager Jackson and "Yeller" Zahn, and followed by the rest of the college as you please. It marched first to Dr. Gallaudet's, then to Prof. Ely's, the co-eds' quarters, and around Faculty Row, giving the college yell before each house and being greeted frequently with speeches in response.

Saturday our bicyclists took a spin out to Camp Gallaudet and Great Falls; and the bicyclesses, under charge of Allan Fay, went—separately—as far as Cabin John. The "Vesuvius" has still been an attraction to the Navy Yard, especially for the co-eds. Merrill, '96, was recently promoted in the Meteorological bureau, and leaves for a better post at San Francisco.

The seniors and juniors finished Butler's Analogy Wednesday, and so have half-holidays already.

A. E.

### ST. LOUIS.

The stereopticon exhibition at St. Thomas' Mission last evening, was exceptionally well attended—nearly two hundred being present. The views, appropriate to the Lenten season, illustrated St. Paul's three great missionary journeys. The exhibition was first class and gave such general satisfaction that it is likely another will be arranged ere many moons. One view which was not thrown on the canvas, and which was generally shrouded in darkness, was the dash for the different street cars through the rain, which began to fall about the time the exhibition was over. Few had umbrellas, as the stars were shining brightly two hours before. According to latest reports, no one was drowned or washed away.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Cain, of East St. Louis, will regret to hear that their second and only child died recently. Its death was the result of a broken neck, received from falling out of its carriage.

Mrs. Ellen Berry Stephens, of Robinson, Ill., made a brief call on friends on her way home from Brighton the latter part of the week. She had been at her aged mother's bedside for the last three weeks. Her mother's condition is much improved.

Mr. George D. Parker, whose wife died recently, will probably become a resident of St. Louis, so to be near his infant daughter, who is being taken care of by his mother-in-law Mrs. Krebs.

The Day School has five pupils, who expect to go to college next Fall, four of whom will be examined in June. Four sets of finely illustrated reference charts were recently purchased for the use of the school.

From reliable sources, we learn that the State School at Fulton will close on June 1st. The appropriation for maintenance not being sufficient to continue the school to the end of the scholastic year.

The C. E. Sunday School has adopted a course of Bible study, arranged in accordance with the seasons of the Christian year—a better system than the "International" series.

J. H. C.

## VIRGINIA.

From our Virginia Correspondent.

The double launching on Thursday, March 24th, of two immense monsters of the deep—the battleship Kearsarge and the Kentucky—at Newport News, was witnessed by 30,000 people, among whom were a dozen or more deaf-mutes from various parts of Virginia. The big ship-building plant at Newport News, employing nearly 3,000 men, as far as known, has only one deaf-mute connected with it, and that is Mr. James A. Murden, who is employed in the big office building on Washington Avenue, at the yard, where there is a force of several hundred clerks. The job he holds down is in the blue-print diagram department. He has been there for two years.

In the crowd of 30,000 Thursday all jammed up against two vessels, it can be well imagined there was no chance of a mute finding another brother. By the merest chance one met another and another another, and so on. After the launching several gathered at Mr. Murden's residence on Twenty-fourth street and swapped experiences in the crowd. The big ships glided down the smoking ways without a hitch. Several thousand barrels of tallow were used in greasing the path of the ships to the water. The customary champagne bottle-breaking took place—though in the case of the Kentucky Miss Bradley, the Governor's daughter, broke a cut glass bottle of water—more, perhaps, to repudiate the general impression of the reign of fire-water and—colonels—in that state of the ancient "dark and bloody ground."

In the big crowd your correspondent caught a glimpse of Superintendent Bowles, of the Staunton School, but a sixty-foot-wide trestle greased with tallow several inches thick prevented a closer meeting. Mr. Bowles was making his way toward the water end of the Kentucky, perhaps to observe how even a battleship called Kentucky "took to water."

Among the deaf present were: Messrs. John L. Randolph, of Norfolk; Mr. Jenkins, of North Carolina; George Davis, of Portsmouth; M. Aube and J. H. Heeke, of Richmond; Miss Jennie Wilson Smith, of Suffolk, now at the Staunton School; Miss Quinn, of Newport News; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Murden, and W. C. Ritter, and wife, of Hampton.

### NEWS NOTES.

For the past twenty-five years there has lived at Fort Monroe, a mile from here, a deaf-mute lady almost wholly unknown to the deaf of the State. She is Mrs. Rodrigo, wife of the post band leader. We very recently met her by chance. She is a native of Virginia, having been born in a house where now stands the big Hygeia Hotel, at Old Point Comfort, and attended the Columbia Institution in Washington. She has six children, the youngest a boy of 7 years. One daughter is married, and lives in New York City. Her husband is a native of Spain, but is now a naturalized American. They live in the Fort, in what is known as the encasement, which is virtually a stone chamber, with a small window looking out upon the Hampton Roads harbor, through which the mouth of a cannon would be poked in case of necessity. On the roof of the crowded condition of the Fort, several of these encasements were turned into places of residence and nicely fitted up. Some fifty similar chambers are now occupied by cannon ready for action on signal from the tower. Fort Monroe has been so strengthened lately that it is said it would be impossible for an enemy's ship to pass. Nearly two hundred immense iron monsters are now guarding the harbor from the fort, many of them of the very latest pattern. The garrison consists of four batteries of artillery, one of them a mounted battery of seventy men. It is known that the harbor has also been secretly mined and the touch of a button by the man in the watch-tower would send any kind of a vessel up in the air.

Being a newspaper man, it would be to me personally only a matter of little importance when the JOURNAL compositors make a little error, but as this matter is important, I think it necessary to make this correction of my last letter as it appeared in print. In speaking of the Staunton School appropriation, I distinctly wrote the sentence "by people NOT connected with the school," etc. The "intelligent compositor" left out the all-important word NOT, and made my sentiments appear as if they were the teachers and officers of the school receive too much pay.

The fact, is the teachers in the Virginia School have for years been paid altogether too little. Seventy-five dollars every month for nine months upon which they must support their families twelve months is nothing to boast about, as anyone will acknowledge. It can not be doubted that the Board of Visitors would cheerfully increase the salaries if it were possible. But the old State has financially been "under the weather" for some years.

RITTER,

## IRELAND.

The annual meeting in connection with the Ulster Society for Promoting the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind was held in the minor hall of Y. M. C. A. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Blakiston-Houston, V.L., and amongst these present were—The Moderator of the General Assembly (Rev. Professor Leitch, D.D., D. Lit.), President Hamilton, Rev. H. M. Williamson, D.D., Rev. Mr. Burnside, Rev. R. J. Clarke, M. A., Rev. W. Park, M. A., Rev. Dr. Riddall, Messrs. A. D. Lemon, J. P., William Shaw, J. Cuthbert, J. P., D. A. Black, etc.

Apologies were received from the lord Mayor, Right Hon. Thomas Sinclair, and others.

Rev. Dr. Williamson led the meeting in prayer, after which Mr. A. D. Lemon (Hon. Secretary) submitted the annual report, which contained the following:—"The Governors are thankful to say that, under the Divine blessing, the past year has been one of encouragement and progress in the prosecution of the great work for which the Society was established. At the close of the year 1896 there were 87 pupils in attendance; 18 new pupils were admitted and 1 old pupil was readmitted during 1897; 16 pupils left, most of them having attained the age at which they have to leave in accordance with the Government regulations.

Of the 90 pupils on the roll on the 1st of January, 1898, 76 are deaf and dumb and 14 are blind. In their last annual report the Governors referred to the appointment of the new principal, Mr. J. A. Tillinghast, M. A., and they are now able to state that their anticipations as to the wisdom of that appointment have been fully justified. Certain alterations which he introduced, the result of his experience as superintendent of the School for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind in Boulder, Montana, United States, have worked very successfully.

Nor has the physical training of the pupils been stationary. Tating advantage of the opportunity afforded by the voluntary resignation of the instructor, who had been employed since the opening of the new gymnasium in 1891, the Governors made a change in this department, and the boys' supervisor, who holds a certificate from the National Physical Recreation Society for elementary drill, now conducts gymnastic classes daily, and the time devoted to this important part of the education of the pupils is nearly double what it was a twelvemonth ago.

Since September last special attention has been given to industrial training, certain members of the staff having during the holidays attended special classes in England to qualify them for this new work. A few of the deaf and dumb boys are being taught Sloyd carpentry; others, as well as some girls, are undergoing a course of kindergarten training and freehand drawing. Four of the older girls are being trained as laundresses, and the remainder are learning to sew, knit, and mend their clothes. The blind are being instructed in mat weaving, and are about to be taught clay modelling in order to train their fingers in delicacy and accuracy of manipulation.

Although it is rather early to speak of results, the progress already made shows that a step in advance has been taken, which the Governors hope will better fit the pupils for earning their own living when the time shall arrive for them to leave the Institution. The health of the children has been exceptionally good, and the Governors are of opinion that Institution was never in a more efficient condition than it is at the present time.

The Governors have pleasure in being able to report that the Principal has been ably supported by the other officials in the respective positions, and that each and all have performed their duties heartily and well. Reference having been made to the last examination in June, the report continued,—"Sir William M. Cammond was a firm friend of the Society. He presided at the last two public examinations of the pupils, and in other ways showed himself to be much interested in the work of the school, so that, in common with many others in Belfast, the Governors sincerely lament his death.

The Rev. Canon Crozier, D.D., upon his elevation to the bishopric of Ossory and Ferns, resigned his position as one of the Governors, and Mr. J. J. Pim has been co-opted to fill the vacancy. The Governors desire to record their obligations to the Hon. Secretaries and other office-bearers of the auxiliaries for their continued assistance in arranging the public meetings, collecting subscriptions, etc., and their best thanks are tendered to those kind friends who hospitably entertained the deputies and pupils, and to the clergymen who accompanied the deputations and ably advocated the claims of the Society.

The Governors again regret to have to report that a considerable number of deaf-mutes and blind children who ought to be at school are being allowed to grow up unedu-

cated, and they have called attention, as far as possible, to the fact by sending to such Protestant clergyman and dispensary doctor throughout Ulster a circular asking their co-operation in bringing under notice each case of the kind within their knowledge. So far only two or three inquiries have resulted from the issue of over twelve hundred of such circulars."

The Chairman then moved the adoption of the report, which he said seemed to be a very satisfactory one. They had been very fortunate in their selection of a principal of the Institution. He believed that at the time of the appointment two or three gentlemen were afraid of bringing a gentleman from America, as he might be too advanced for them, but he thought they were eminently pleased in their present Principal.

Before the close of the meeting a petition would be read to them calling upon the Government to afford to Ireland the same facilities as had already been in practice in England and Scotland. That would be useful if they could get it accomplished; for he understood that there were a large number of children in Ireland allowed to grow up suffering from privations, and not fitted in any way by training to earn their own living in after years. So far as they were concerned, they had done all in their power to stir up an interest, in such cases, so as to have them sent forward for training.

The accommodation they had at the school was fit to hold as many more as they had, and he was happy to say that they had plenty of funds at their disposal. After alluding to the loss they had sustained by the death of Sir William M'Cammond, the Chairman referred eulogistically to the manner in which the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Sheppard, discharged his duties in connection with all the meetings of the Board. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr. Burnside seconded the report. He was present at the last examination of the pupils of the Institution, and delighted with the results.

The report was passed. Dr. Leitch moved a resolution recording thanks to God for the success attending the Society's operations during the past year, and approving of the petition to be submitted to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, desiring the extension of the same legislation to Ireland as now was in force in England and Scotland, making the education of the deaf and dumb and the blind compulsory. The tendency now was to assimilate the laws of both countries, as evidenced in the passage of the Local Government Bill, and he thought that if the same law as applied to the education of the deaf and dumb and the blind in the sister countries were applied to Ireland it would be of incalculable benefit.

Rev. R. J. Clarke seconded the resolution.

The Chairman then read the petition, which he said was going to be forwarded by that Society to the Chief Secretary, and it contained the following:—"That, whereas in August, 1890, an Act was passed entitled 'Education of Blind and Deaf-Mute Children (Scotland),' and that in September, 1893, another Act was passed entitled 'Elementary Education, Blind and Deaf Children (England and Wales),' by which State aid was extended to special institutions provided for the education of the blind and deaf and dumb children in England, Wales, and Scotland, we, the Governors of the Ulster Society, established in Belfast for the purpose of these afflicted classes, respectfully petition that State and in like manner, with such variations in detail as may be considered necessary or expedient, shall be extended to Ireland, either by amendment of one of the said Acts, or by a new Act, so that the disability under which Ireland now labours in providing for the education of the blind and deaf and dumb may be removed. Your petitioners further humbly suggest an alteration of the Poor-law Amendment Act of Ireland (1843), 6 and 7 Vic., chap. 92, section 14, making it obligatory on poor-law guardians, instead of optional, to contribute a payment of not less than £15 per annum for each deaf-mute or blind child between the age of seven and sixteen, who shall be received into this or any similar boarding-school or institution; and that a further sum of not less than £2 for each pupil, between the age of seven and sixteen shall be provided by Parliamentary grant, or otherwise as may be determined; all the remaining cost of education, maintenance of premises and of pupils, continuing to be chargeable on the voluntary funds, endowments, or other resources of each boarding-school or institution."

The resolution was adopted. On the motion of Mr. Cuthbert, seconded by Mr. Black, the office-bearers were unanimously re-elected for the ensuing year.

On the motion of Mr. Lemon a vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to the Chairman.

Dr. Leitch, having pronounced the benediction, the proceedings concluded.—*Northern Whig (Belfast, Ireland) March 16.*



## NEW YORK.

### Early Spring Gleanings, Et Cetera.

#### DOINGS OF THE CLUBS.

Events Past and to Come.—S. Gomprecht After a Championship—A New Bicycle Firm of Deaf-Mutes—News of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lonsbury's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

Save for the war talk, there has been a lonesome quietude in deaf circles the past week. Even the Sunday rendezvous barely had a dozen visitors, and the church services were slimly attended. It was a rainy day too, and has been raining almost every day for the last ten days.

Saturday evening a small gathering was held in Progress Hall on Third Avenue, for the purpose of awarding a bicycle to the lucky one. As thirty-one tickets were still unsold the whole was awarded to P. D. Redington by his winning, and he happened to have among the lot the lucky number. He disposed of the wheel to Ed. Shannon for a gold eagle. J. F. O'Brien was the owner of the wheel, and now is after a new "League" wheel.

Mr. Pach of the *Mt. Airy World* brings into use the "deadly parallel," as it is called, and simply makes denial to each paragraph. In re all he says, I will quit after greatly enjoyed his humorous onslaught, but not without retaliating and show an error that appears in his own column, which had it appeared in another paper he would have severely criticized. Here it is:

Mr. Pach quotes me: "If I remember aright, when they were deaf inside, they sent for a brass band."

The omission of the italicized words renders it meaninglessly bad grammar. Mr. Pach should profit by this and be charitable in future, and not charge errors of grammar to the writers when it is not always their fault. Now this quasi critic, if he wishes to be just and fair, must go for the editor of his own paper for such negligence in reading proofs, if it was not Mr. Pach's own misquotation or a slip of his pen. In the latter case, he will readily understand how even the best writers are liable to make mistakes.

The Silent Wheelmen's actors are from now on to rehearse oftener, and every one is expected to know his part thoroughly by the next rehearsal. Seats have been selling at a rate that suggests a crowded house on April 15th.

Captain Soper and his lieutenants have perfected a schedule of runs for April, May, June and July. The first will be next Sunday, but the destination has not been fixed. It will depend on the weather on that day, and the condition of roads. It is desired that all members meet at the Washington Bridge Hotel at 10 A.M., to receive information and instructions regarding runs. It should be said here, however, that all should bring their repair kits in case of a run above the Harlem, as the repair shops are few and remote at this season.

The League of Elect Surds meets Saturday to elect officers, as well as to pass on the revised Constitution and By-Laws. Little interest has been manifested in regard to the new officers, the members never caring for the honors unless thrust upon them. The incumbent president is slated for renomination. Treasurer Fox will remain, but among the others it is a toss up as to who will be elected.

Theo. S. Rose's folks have removed from 119th Street to 120th Street, near Fifth Avenue.

Alex L. Pach's family is now settled at No. 57 East 123d Street, and Alex, who received his new "Hickok" wheel the same day he moved, will go to and from work on it, having a continuous stretch of asphalt roadway from 120th Street to 22d Street.

Two of the deaf of this city are thinking seriously of starting in the bicycle business. It will be a week, however, before they may come to an agreement. There is no reason why they could not make a success of it. They propose to make a specialty of the "Hickok" wheel, but will be able to sell any known make at less than list price.

Miss Sarah Stein's mother has been a paralytic for a long time and the family is about to break up housekeeping, and Miss Stein will go out to board.

Seymour Gomprecht challenges any deaf-mute to a 100-yard dash, for the championship among deaf-mutes, a gold medal to go to the winner, as well as there may be a private side issue, the event to take place at any of picnic to occur the

coming summer. Mr. Gomprecht may be addressed at 210 East 61st Street, New York City.

The little fourteen-month-old son of Mrs. William McVea, died on March 19th, after a few days' illness, caused by intestinal derangement. It was while at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Gross in Jersey City that death claimed the little one, whose father died but a month ago. The sympathy of all her friends is extended to the brave and widow and mother.

The article in another paper charging the cause of death of Wm. McVea to be careless on his own part, is a gross injustice.

Frank Ecka, who wishes a Brooklyn wheel club organized, can be addressed to No. 26 Starr Street, Brooklyn.

F. W. Meinken is looking over the new '98 models in wheels. Ad. Ekardt is biding his time, not being in a pickle of a hurry, as there is good fishing still and ever will be. TED.

#### HARTFORD.

Mr. George Strout, of East Hartford, took his dog up to the dogs show sometimes ago, and tried to get a prize, but failed.

The wife of Mr. Daniel Taylor, who was recently married, has returned from New Hampshire, where she has been staying for several days.

A colored deaf-mute, by the name of William Jackson, was arrested in Hartford sometime ago, and was sent to jail. He said he was from Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. Fred Rock went, in company with Miss Maggie Gunshannon, to see St. Patrick's Church. It is one of the oldest in Connecticut and has quite a long history.

Last Sunday Sister Rose Gertude preached to the deaf-mutes on "The two Armies," and to-day she preached on "Love your Enemies." Both of them were very interesting and it seems to me to be like the good talking we had at Fanwood. Sister Gertrude is a hearing person, and used to be a teacher in Buffalo. She is a good sign maker, and one could think her a deaf-mute.

If the eye of a deaf-mute, by the name of Vetterlein, should see this column, would be please let Mr. Fred C. Rock know, through the JOURNAL.

Messrs. Teghorn and O'Connell were callers at Mr. Rock's house last Sunday night.

Mr. Morris Marks is to coach the deaf-mutes of the Hartford school this fall. Mr. Marks is an ex-football player of Fanwood.

Last Monday, a deaf-mute, by the name of Waldron, who came from Philadelphia, was in Hartford looking for work. He is a printer by trade, but could not get work here, so he left for New London, Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Whittle has secured work as a house painter. We were all glad to see him at work again, as he had been out of work a long time.

On Tuesday, April 5th, will be the third meeting of the new society. We expect most of the deaf who are able, will attend the meeting.

Misses Mary Fitzgerald and Alice Dufault were the guests of Miss Maggie Gunshannon. They both are from Springfield. Miss Fitzgerald used to be a pupil of sister Gertrude while she was a teacher in Buffalo. Miss Dufault used to be a pupil of the Hartford School.

There is an old deaf-mute visiting in Hartford by the name of Mei Calf. He is from North Adams, Mass., and is eighty-three years old.

Mr. George Simpson is under the doctor's case, and improving.

There are three graduates of Fanwood living in Hartford, and they enjoy talking over bygone days.

Father McGurk preached to the deaf-mutes at the nine o'clock mass Sunday morning.

MOLLO.

#### Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

##### APRIL.

- 2-7:30 P.M., Columbus, Trinity Chapel, Lecture on Confirmation.
- 3-9:15 A.M., Columbus, Trinity Chapel, Holy Communion.
- 3-3 P.M., Columbus, Trinity Chapel, Confirmation by Bishop Vincent.
- 6-7:30 P.M., Cleveland, Confirmation and Lecture on Confirmation.
- 7-7:30 P.M., Cleveland, Confirmation by the Bishop of Ohio.
- 8-9 P.M., Cincinnati, Good Friday Sermon.
- 9-7:30 P.M., Indianapolis, Guild Rooms, Confirmation Lecture.
- 10-9 A.M., Indianapolis, Confirmation by Bishop White.
- 10-10:30 A.M., Indianapolis, Holy Communion.
- 10-4 P.M., Indianapolis, Service.
- 10-7:30 P.M., Indianapolis, Confirmation by Bishop White.
- 11-7:30 P.M., Terre Haute, Service.
- 15-7:30 P.M., Canton, O. Service.
- 16-7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh, Instruction on Confirmation.
- 17-11 A.M., Pittsburgh, Holy Communion.
- 17-3 P.M., Pittsburgh, Confirmation by Bishop Whitehead.
- 17-7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh, Probable.
- 20-Evening, Indianapolis.

Additional appointments will be published soon. The address of the Rev. Mr. Mann is Gambier, Ohio.

Mr. Alex. Goldfogle is now attending to matters legal at 145 Clinton Street, in connection with the law firm of Vice-Consul Rosenthal. He will be glad to see his friends at any time.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Dr. Crouter and the Sign Language.

#### CLERC ASSOCIATION ELECTIONS.

#### The News in Brief.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Editor Smith of the *Companion*, in the issue of March 17th, dissected some of our statements concerning Dr. Crouter's attitude toward the sign-language. Since we had taken the liberty to report the Doctor as we did, it seems proper for us to make some reply to the *Companion* editorial.

Editor Smith first expresses surprise "that such a restricted view should be taken by such an eminent authority." Well, we confess that that is more than we had expected any one to say. We feel, too, that we are responsible for it, not Dr. Crouter. We had only thought to show that Dr. Crouter was not so hostile to the sign-language as appeared to be the impression among many, and not to espouse the cause of the oral and manual methods. No attempt was made by us to defend the Doctor's views on oralism, other than to say that we would not criticize him. Any other course would be inconsistent with our known attitude, which is in favor of the Combined method. It should also be stated that the statements we attributed to Dr. Crouter were made in signs and reported by us in our own language. We repeat here that he did make signs to that effect, but, we have plainly stated, we reported him briefly and with the simple view of bearing out our point of his partial favor to signs. While we aimed at this point, Editor Smith, on the other hand, has raised a second point that questions the accuracy of the Doctor's views on signs.

Granting the *Companion* the right to raise other points from our statements, some of its sayings may also be questioned by oralists and others.

One of these is the attempt to make naught of the expression that "the deaf do not go to school to learn the sign-language, but the English." We can not but regard its definition or criticism of the above a piece of sublime technicality, used to belittle one of the strongest arguments of the oralists. Say you, they go to school to be educated. We reply; Indeed, education is the object of school and we never thought it otherwise. But language is the method by which the mind's development is made possible. It can do infinitely more than signs.

It is the first thing taught at school, because upon it all future efforts depend. Success in other studies is better achieved through its mastery. It is the main method, the ruling, and, by far, the most beautiful one. Signs, while they may be much service in educating the deaf, are limited in power and, therefore, inferior as a method. Thus the English language is necessarily a part of our education, and the universal language of this country. Who did not go to school to learn it? Who can be educated without it? Dr. Crouter doubtless has had experience enough to know that language—the English—is of first importance and invaluable to the deaf, and when he says that the deaf go to school to learn the English method rather than the sign, we reckon that he speaks a great truth. Now, such a liberal interpretation of our former experience which forms the text of the *Companion's* criticism, is not, we honestly believe, without reason.

The annual elections for the officers of the Clerc Literary Association were held last Thursday evening, March 24th. Rev. J. M. Koehler, as *ex-officio* Chairman, presided at the meeting, which was well attended. A hitch occurred at the beginning by the discovery that there were not enough qualified voters present, members two months in arrears being disqualified to vote. So the Chairman ordered a five minute recess taken, during which several delinquent members took the opportunity to qualify, and afterwards the business of the evening proceeded smoothly until finished. Though not as exciting as the recent Spanish elections, there was at times considerable interest shown among the friends of the rival aspirants for some of the minor offices. To be sure, there was no bloodshed caused by them, thanks to our worthy Chairman. After prayer, the Chairman *ex-officio* announced the appointment of the following ten counselors, the number allotted to him by the Constitution: Harry E. Stevens, William H. Lipsett, James S. Reider, William McKinney, Harry G. Gunkel, Robert F. Underwood, F. C. Smielau, Charles W. Waterhouse, Edward D. Wilson, and Miss Effie L. Parker. The Association then elected the following five

additional Counselors, as the Constitution prescribed: Robert M. Ziegler, John M. Wismer, Mrs. R. E. Underwood, Mrs. Charles W. Waterhouse, and Miss Maria L. Lentz. A recess was then taken to allow the new Council to meet and elect its share of the officers.

*Ex-officio* Chairman Koehler, by virtue of the right vested in him by the Constitution, announced his appointment of Mr. Franklin C. Smielau to the presidency of the Association. The announcement was greeted with applause.

Mr. Robert E. Underwood was elected First Vice-President by acclamation, the Secretary casting the ballot, by instruction. Nominations for the office of secretary being now in order, Mr. Reider asked permission to make a personal statement which the Chair granted. He then explained that, having been honored with the secretaryship for several successive terms, he began to feel that the members desired a change of person in the office, and he was willing that it should be so.

Nevertheless Mr. Reider was re-elected to the office by acclamation, the Chair casting the ballot, on motion of Mr. Ziegler.

The office of treasurer was combined with that of Secretary under one head as has been the case for several years past.

This completed the Council elections, the balance having been done by the members-at-large, Mr. Edward D. Wilson was elected second vice-president; Mr. Charles W. Waterhouse, librarian; and Mr. John M. Wismer, sergeant-at-arms.

The date for the installation of the officers, as fixed by the By-Laws, is Thursday, April 7th, but, as that is Maundy Thursday, it has been decided that the new officers shall begin their duties on April 14th.

Holy Communion will be celebrated at All Souls' Church on Maundy Thursday, April 7th, at 8 P.M. The Church will also be open on Good Friday noon, and the usual service will be held in the evening at 8 P.M. There will be no Communion Service on Sunday, April 3d, but instead on Easter Sunday.

Possessing a strong constitution in all other respects, Mr. James Oakes has for months been greatly troubled by a rheumatic affection of the thumb of his right hand, which incapacitated him from pursuing his trade of cigar-making. Remedy after remedy was tried with no beneficial result. He was finally led to try treatment by the much-advertised Dr. Munyon, homeopathist, and, a complete cure has been effected.

Mrs. Mary H. Rocap leaves her city house this week, to live with her sister at Fox Chase, for some months to come.

Mrs. M. J. Syle is confined to the house by an attack of La Grippe.

J. S. R.

March 28, '98.

#### NEWBURGH, N. Y.

##### DEAF-MUTES WEDDED.

A deaf-mute wedding took place in the Zion Church, in Wappinger's Falls, yesterday afternoon. The contracting parties were Mr. James T. Thorne, a farmer of St. Andrews, this county, and Miss Amanda Schoonmaker, an operator in the factory of Sweet, Orr & Co., of that place.

The Rev. Prescott Everts, the pastor, conducted the ceremony, and the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, who is the general manager of "the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," acted as interpreter for the deaf-mute couple. Relatives and friends were present. Next April the newly married couple will live in their new home in Newbury, *Newburgh Daily News*, March 24, 1898.

Mr. Chester Q. Mann has been notified to go to the Gallaudet Home on Sunday, April 10th, (Easter Sunday) and hold a service. He will take a late train in the afternoon, and will arrive in Newburgh at about 4:35 P.M. There will be held a service in the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Newburgh, at 4:30 P.M. Those who often attended that church will please notice the time of service.

#### Deaf-Mutes Wed in the Sign Language.

MATTEAWAN, N. Y., March 24.—A deaf-mute wedding took place in Zion Episcopal Church, at Wappinger's Falls, last night. The bride was Miss Amanda Schoonmaker, of that village, the groom being James T. Thorne, of Septandale, Orange County. The service was read aloud by the Rev. Prescott Everts, of Wappinger's Falls, while the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet repeated it to the bridal couple in the deaf-mute language. The Church was crowded with people who witnessed the interesting ceremony.

#### Married.

On Wednesday, March 23d, in Zion Church, Wappinger Falls, N. Y., by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by Rev. Prescott Everts, Mr. James T. Thorne and Miss Amanda Schoonmaker.

Rev. Dr. Carver and Geo. B. Wray, of Yonkers, are unanimously elected as Honorary members of the Westchester County (N. Y.) Deaf-Mute Society.

## STATE OF OHIO.

### The Day School Bill Will Not Pass.

#### BUILDINGS, BOILERS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

#### Is what the Columbus Institution Gets this Year.

(New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

We have been favored with a copy of the bill by which it is proposed to establish day schools for the deaf throughout the State. The bill does not limit their establishment to cities only, but in any school district there where school council may ask for it, provided the attendance shall not be less than three pupils. The age limit is from three to twenty-one, and they must be residents of the State.

For maintaining the school, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars is allowed per pupil, and the money is to be drawn from the common school fund. The State Commissioner of Common Schools is to appoint the teachers, and he can also remove them for cause. Teachers thus appointed must have a teacher's certificate, as provided by law, and must have at least one year's special instruction in the teaching of the deaf.

No method of instruction is mentioned in the bill—perhaps this omission was intentional, so as not to precipitate a fight. As to who is directly behind the bill, we are not informed, but we do know the intermediate person a man.

We had an interview with Representative Payne, who introduced the bill, as to its objects, and the tenor of his talk was that the object of the bill was to reduce the cost of educating the deaf. He had letters, so he told us, from the deaf of Wisconsin, Massachusetts and Connecticut, favoring such schools. He was particularly desirous, so he said, to obtain the opinions of the deaf, and especially of the teachers, on the matter.

As to the prospects of the bill's passage, they do not at this stage seem the most rosy. The Cleveland Day School bill also received a setback this week. The people, up there, don't seem to be satisfied with it. As it reads, it will shoulder the city annually with about \$12,000, besides what the State is to give. The School Board discussed the bill at its last meeting, and authorized its clerk to notify the member of the legislature having it in charge, to hold it back. The other day it was referred to him, as a select committee of one, to report back at pleasure.

By the appropriation bill introduced in the House this week, the institution is well cared for financially.

Provision is made for a new school building, new boilers, and an electric light plant therewith. For this good will, Superintendent Jones sent to the presiding officers of each branch of the legislature in the name of the pupils, a fine bouquet of flowers Wednesday, and which compliments were duly acknowledged by the officers.

This city was visited by a terrific rainstorm Saturday evening, followed by more Tuesday and Wednesday. As a result we, have had one of the worst floods ever experienced. The west side was nearly all inundated doing immense damage to property of all kinds, and placing the city at night for most of the week in darkness. The Insane Hospital, Imbecile Institution and Greenlawn Cemetery, were entirely cut off from the city for several days. Even the city water works, which are on the west side, were flooded and rendered powerless to supply water for drinking purposes and fighting fires.

Last Friday evening, Mr. McGregor went up to the Home with some pupils to do some fencing the next day, and after the work was done, had anything but a pleasant time in getting to Columbus again. The rainstorm of Saturday afternoon blew down the poles of the electric car company, rendering communication with the city impossible. They remained overnight at the Home. The next morning they again came over to the car line, only to be informed that cars would hardly be running before Monday. They tramped up to Westerville, and there had to wait until midnight for a railroad train to Columbus, and did not reach home till three o'clock in the morning.

Good-bye to the measles—they have left us and the hospitals are about cleared. The serious case mentioned last week is on the road of recovery. The siege was a severe one, but thanks to the good service of the doctors and the good nursing of the attendants, no death occurred.

Mr. Bert Wornstaff has hidden

adien to the flowers and oranges of Florida and returned to his native heath. He, with his parents, passed through the city Monday on their way home to Ashley. Bert stopped off to remain several days visiting friends in Columbus. Florida climate seems to have agreed with him, for he looks the very picture of health, and we hope he will be able to resume his studies at Gallaudet in the fall.

Mr. Elisha Marvin, of Findlay, was here a short time Monday, on his way to Virginia to make his home with son who has a farm near Petersburg. Mr. Marvin is an old-time pupil, having left school in 1852.

Mr. Simon Kingry has rented his farm down in Washington County, to which he moved about a year ago, and will come to near Grove City to live. Wednesday, Mrs. Kingry came up and had quite a time reaching Columbus owing to the flood.

Messrs. McGuinness and Joseph Leib have been compelled to lay off from work in Hayden's rolling mill. The mill stands at the edge of the river bank, and whenever there is a big rise of the river, work is shut down. Wednesday there was five feet of water in the mill.

March 26, '98. A. B. G.

#### CHICAGO.

Saturday evening was Shakespeare night at the club and the life and several of the plays of the immortal bard were once again gone over. Mr. Sansom opened the evening's program with a short biographical sketch; Mr. Codman following with a recital of "King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," by Mr. Loug and the "Comedy of Errors," by Mr. Regensburg, were also given, and at 10:15, the time for getting ready for home, the crowd seemed to be unanimous in "opining" that a very pleasant and profitable evening had been experienced.

Saturday's Shakespearean treat closes the March program of the club, and nothing is on the tapis of a social or entertaining kind until April 16th. However, the Ladies' Aid Society gives an Easter entertainment at the church, April 9th, to which all are invited. On the evening of April 16th, Mr. Dougherty is announced to lecture at the club rooms.

Next Saturday the regular April meeting of the club takes place, and it will mark the withdrawal of the suspension of the initiation fee, the four months period having expired, and if any one is thinking of taking advantage of this suspension they should note it is the last chance to apply at this meeting.

Fred. Kaufman spent Sunday in the Cream City, visiting relatives and also incidentally reconnoitering the cycle route from this city, having prospective runs for the wheelmen in view for this season.

Matt Schutler, one of our "Centurions," is exhibiting a brin new Eldredge and geared to 86, too. It is supposed he intends to do the pace-making at the Wheelmen's runs this year, and wants to be prepared therefor.

Alf. Liebenstein and several others are looking for new mounts. Alf has his eye on a Fowler.

The *Daily News* seems to have quite a little "deaf" news in its columns of late, but when it starts in to ask such chestnuts as "Why is a deaf and dumb man seldom credited with being truthful?" it surely does not speak the truth itself in claiming its reading matter to be up-to-date.

Mrs. C. B. Hemstreet, of Ames, Iowa, is in the city taking a course of medical treatment. Mr. Hemstreet has a fine farm at Ames and is an alumnus of Gallaudet.

Chicago sentiment, as expressed at the club gathering Saturday, would show that the plan of purchasing a bust of Thos. Hopkins Gallaudet and presenting same to the deaf of France in 1900, as suggested by the St. Louis correspondent in last week's issue of the paper, is a popular and timely made one. Go ahead and perfect your plans, and I do not doubt that the "Windy City" will have a good showing to make in the helping to realize them.

The "Garrett Grab Bill" has had due notice here, and the protests sent by their way to the Capitol. But it's surprising to see inkwarmness in this matter shown by such an organization as the Clerc Literary Association, as is reported by J. S. R. in the last JOURNAL. We trust it is merely Philadelphia's proverbial slowness, not local "pride," which causes such.

F. P. G.

#### Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

##### APRIL.

- 1-7:30 P.M., Geneva, N. Y.
- 3-(Palm Sunday) 10:30 A.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
- 3-(Palm Sunday) 7:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
- 7-Maundy Thursday 7:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
- 8-(Good Friday) 7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
- 10-(Easter Day) 10:45 A.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
- 10-(Easter Day) 7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

## BALTIMORE.

From our Baltimore Correspondent.

Many of our readers and others of this city, will regret to learn of the deaths of two deaf-mutes of this city. They were Messrs. Joseph Levy and John Block, aged 28 and 34 years, respectively.

Mr. Levy had been complaining with his chest for a long time, but the one week before he died it got worse, so his parents sent him to the Johns Hopkins Hospital to have an operation performed. While being operated upon, he suffered severely and fell into a semi-conscious state, but rallied somewhat only to relapse again, and died. Wednesday noon, at 12:30 o'clock. Before he died, he said regretted to his mother, but it is regretted that she could not understand him. He was educated at the Maryland School for the Deaf.

Mr. John Block also died at Johns Hopkins Hospital, last Monday, after an attack of paralysis. Although the dread disease had fastened upon him two years ago, he bore his sufferings without a murmur, but being always frail in body, he was no longer able to stand the rackings of disease, and when God called him home, none could wish him back in his suffering, for all felt he was at last at rest and his soul was joyous. He leaves a wife and child aged eighteen months, who have our heartfelt sympathy. The funeral services of the deceased were held at their homes last Tuesday and Thursday, respectively. The friends and acquaintances of the deceased paid them the last tribute of respect. Their bodies were laid to rest in the Hebrews' Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

It is reported on very high authority (in spite of denials), that Mr. Budaker, who went to Cincinnati three years ago to work, when he was thrown out or employment had to come home, but was killed while stealing a ride on a freight train. Will some one in Cincinnati inform me whether this rumor is true or not. We will be much obliged for the information.

A party given by Miss Emma Hare to her friends and relatives, last Wednesday evening, took place at her sister's residence, in Woodberry. Her friends and relatives gathered in spite of the inclemency of the weather and the muddy roads. The guests indulged in various games, and the evening passed only too quickly. Refreshments in abundance were served at ten o'clock and the evening was greatly enjoyed.

J. H. C., the St. Louis correspondent, made a suggestion about collecting money to buy a bust of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet (to be made by Douglas Tilden we prefer) which is to be presented to the deaf of France, some time in 1900, during the World's Fair, at Paris. We of Baltimore all favor his suggestion most emphatically. Hoping all other States will take hold of this, we will commence to collect our subscription as soon as possible. J. H. C., do you remember me? I was a little boy and under your ushership at Kendall Green.

Mr. Wm. R. Barry, President of the Maryland Fire Insurance Company and Maryland School for the Deaf, was telegraphed to come to Annapolis on business, last Tuesday. The business we think is concerning the appropriation bill for the deaf at Frederick. The bill calls for \$5,000 more, which would make the total of \$30,000 to pay the expenses of the school. It really would be a great help, if the bill could be passed, and we sincerely hope it will.

The young deaf-mutes of this city are talking of organizing a baseball club this month, and are anxious to have Dr. Mooney as their manager and Mr. McElroy as their president. They will meet next week, to elect officers. Three-fourths of the players are crack players. They are Messrs. A. Lingner, H. G. Benson, H. Creager, T. Harris, G. M. Leitner, F. A. Leitner, E. Miller, John Miles, Bernard Kelchner, Fred. Luman, Wm. Nordhouse, C. Warnicke and others. We have three first-class pitchers in Messrs. Benson, G. and F. Leitner, and two first-class catchers in Creager and Miller.

Will Mr. Underwood get us a game with the Philadelphia deaf-mutes this coming summer? Mr. Philip Gebb was scared to his bed with "la grippe," but at this writing, he is on the road to recovery.

Messrs. J. C. Peregro and J. W. Briscoe are still sick, and have been for a long time. The members of the Eutaw M. E. Church will have a reception on Tuesday night this week. Ye scribe and his wife, as well as others, are invited to be present at the reception. Full description of the reception will be written in our next letter.

Mr. J. A. Branflick, of Easton, Md., is now in this city. He comes here every week.

Mr. Willie Gorsch, an intelligent mute, secured a position in St. Mary School.

MYRTLE.

March 28, 1898.



## FANWOOD.

### A Pleasant Social Reunion.

### NEW GAMES INTRODUCED.

### Brevities.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

A social reunion was the pleasant affair that was indulged in Saturday evening last. These notices may appear stale to the regular readers of the JOURNAL as they may reflect to the former pupils of this school, as nothing but a crowding of the two sexes into a space, that the architect had intended only for one. This was not the condition to-day, as heretofore mentioned, they were divided into two parts—that is, half of each sex occupying the rooms of the former. Instead of old-fashioned indoor games, such as Boston, Blind-man's buff etc., with a few of the professors, and teachers on hand to add pleasure to the games, there were many new ones, and all the faculty were present. And a very enjoyable time was had in playing many modern indoor games, such games as would call forth laughter from the onlookers, at the awkwardness in which a staid and sober person would indulge in, while undertaking to cover themselves with success in their efforts to do their part. The little ones were made as happy in playing various kindergarten games as were the older ones, who seemed more contented in tripping the light fantastic toe. Among the games we saw were; tilling the donkey, potato racing with a spoon, throwing the bean bag, and trying to find who had the coin concealed under the palm of their hand. This last one was something new to most of the pupils, and was the cause of much merriment. Ten persons would sit at a table, facing each other on opposite sides, one side would pass a coin, and at a signal all hands would rise up closed, and come down flat on the table, then the other side would be kept busy guessing. First one person's hand would be commanded to lift, then another, and so on until the coin was exposed. The committee in charge this time consisted of Misses Hamner, Lewis and K. Elsworth, and Mr. E. Rappholdt.

Tactics in Guard Mounting is now one of the latest features in the drill, which the boys are being taught.

The quarantine that was put on this school a month ago has been raised.

Mr. Petit, formerly with the Koffman Brothers of Walden, N. Y., is now an assistant gardener here. And the little boys are hustled around, learning more and more under the care and instruction of Mr. Kempton and his assistant.

Mr. Merritt and two daughters, and Mrs. Thompson, friends of Mr. J. T. Terry a member of our Board of Directors, were visitors Thursday last, and were shown around the institution.

Mr. N. Wilson, a deaf-mute, and a graduate from the Minnesota school, was a caller on Saturday afternoon last.

Other callers during the week were Dr. Skeel, the oculist who looks after the pupils' eyes. Dr. Frothingham, the aurist, and Dr. Moreau Morris, who released this institution from quarantine.

Weekly visits to the Eden Musee are now made by the older boys and girls, where they take delight in seeing the wax figures of prominent men and events in the world's history.

Go and see Buffalo Bill's, Congress of Rough Riders of the world, at the Garden, if you want to see some marvelous performances.

On Tuesday, this Institution was honored with a visit by Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, the Principal, and Mr. Montgomery, Vice-President of the Board of Directors, of the Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania, School for the Deaf. They were shown throughout the grounds and buildings.

### Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3,  
3 P.M., St. Ann's, Amsterdam, Evening Prayer.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10,  
10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy, Morning Prayer.  
3 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany, Evening Prayer.

MONDAY, APRIL 11,  
7:30 P.M., Trinity, Watervliet, Confirmation.

H. VAN ALLEN,  
Lay-Missionary.

Giving an inspiration to another, is like filling a lamp with oil, some time the light will brighten a dark corner,

## NEW MEXICO.

Mr. William P. Millerman, who left the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf in 1858, has lived in the West for nearly forty years. He is a good natured, honest, and hard working man, laboring on a ranch near Mora, N. M., for a prominent Spanish man, and has resided in the territory for thirty-two years. He said he had shaken hands with and made an acquaintance with Kit Carson, the famous great Western hunter and guide long ago. He then met Miss Dent, a sister of Mrs. President U. S. Grant, who used to talk on her fingers with him while she was on visits in this territory some years ago. About four years ago he was once arrested with several others by a sheriff and locked in jail charged with being a comrade in murder, but he was afterward released, as he was found innocent of it, all though he was an eyewitness in the murder occurrence. He spoke of his connection with the old "Missouri River and Santa Fe freighting days," and he worked with a company for several to drive yokes of oxen to and from hauling heavy freight on slow wagons, on the 1200 mile road then known as the Santa Fe Trail, from Kansas City to Tucson, Arizona, near the boundary of old Mexico. It then took three months to travel and drive the oxen forth to Tucson and back to Kansas City, hence only four round trips every year before the railroad was built along the Santa Fe Trail, and it now takes only four days for a round trip on the railroad between Tucson and Kansas City.

In the spring of last year the commission of the deaf at Santa Fe, New Mexico, met and found out that the reduced appropriation made for the support of the school would not permit of keeping it open and exist any longer, for fear that there would be another deficit in the funds caused by great inequality and lack of uniformity in the value assessment rolls upon the same classes of taxable property throughout the territory, the school was ordered to close on the first day of June last to open no more for a year at least.

Last Fall, Superintendent Larson started a private class with four Indian children and four white pupils at the School, and it has still continued. He says, that the school in behalf of the Territory will be started next October. It is regretted that the school has been in financial trouble the second time. Other Public Institutions and Schools in the Territory are alike suffering more or less in the same way.

Pedro R. Sandoval, the first graduate of this School at Santa Fe, N. M., has been making a hard fight to be appointed by President McKinley as the postmaster of that city. He says he expects to win the plum, in spite of the several other people having strong influence in politics, who are in the race for the same office, because it has been held by the several Anglo-Americans in the past and it must go to a Spanish-American this time.

Mr. F. W. Weber, another graduate of the School at Santa Fe, favored Mr. and Mrs. Larson with a ten days' visit last Christmas. A new Post Office named in honor of surname (Weber) of his folks, was recently established in Mr. Weber's ranch house, half way between Watrous, (railroad station) and Mora (County seat), in Mora County. His brother-in-law is the postmaster at Weber, New Mexico.

At the request of the father, who had been in search for the whereabouts of his son, who was traveling in the west for the benefit of his health for the past five years, Prof. Larson wrote and sent letters of inquiry in Colorado, to hunt him up for his father, who is now in Arkansas. At last Prof. Larson was notified by some intelligence through the father's hand from Canon City, Colorado, that he was killed by one of the trains on the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. in October last.

The deceased man was named Daniel M. Anderson, who was successively educated at the Arkansas, Texas and New Mexico Schools.

Miss Adah Gunn, sister of Mrs. Larson and formerly an articulation teacher at the deaf School here, is now taking a trained nurse's course for two years in study at the Montezuma Hotel, a famous health resort at the Hot Springs in the Rocky Mountain region, about six miles from Las Vegas, N. M.

Miss B. P. Wright, formerly a teacher of the blind in Superintendent Larson's school, went home to Ohio last summer when the school was ordered to close for want of available funds. She said she had a cousin who was a well-known deaf-mute in Europe. He was a teacher and worked in Manchester, London, and Edinburgh. He knew about ten different languages, and used to translate the Bible from and into the Greek and Latin. He was once in America on a visit to this country and Canada. He died from overstudy about ten years ago. His full name was Edwin Hobson.

Miss Mollie Stumbaugh, former-

ly a graduate of the Indiana School for the Blind, gave out at a benefit entertainment a lecture on the subject of the instruction of the blind, and then rendered some popular songs and recitations to please the audience, at the Presbyterian Church in this city. She has been endeavoring to make and raise collections at her voluntary entertainments from the public at various towns for a fund for the education of blind children in Alaska Territory.

There was once a rumor that there might be a new school for Indian blind and deaf children established at the building of the Indian Ramona School (now abandoned) in this city, and the federal government would contribute some aid to it. But Prof. Larson says that it is impossible to start such a private enterprise, which the national government would not aid anyhow.

A bill to remove the school from Santa Fe, on the West side of the Rocky Mountains, to Springer, a little town of about eight hundred souls on the east side of the Mountains, in the northeast corner of this territory, was introduced into the last legislature, and there it would be in possession of a large brick building of the county court house, worth thirty-two thousand dollars, given it on condition that the county-seat be removed to a more populous town of Raton, and it was at once killed under the influence of the citizens of Santa Fe, who strongly fought against the school's removal out of their town.

Mr. Samuel H. Martin, formerly a pupil of the Kansas School for the deaf, was here searching for work, as a stone-cutter on the erection of the new capitol building, as he said he once worked at the grand buildings of the Texas capital some years ago, but he failed to get a place here because the last legislature of this Territory made law ordering the convicts of the Penitentiary to be employed at the capitol building, instead of men hired outside the penitentiary.

Some weeks ago Mrs. C. E. McCoy, (formerly Miss Martin, and an ex-pupil of the Deaf Virginia School) made a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Larson. She said she was married to a hearing man last summer. He can talk with signs and fairly use his fingers like a deaf-mute. She had the pleasure of telling many funny and interesting adventures with which she met in the wild and woolly west for the past several years.

Mr. Harry A. Goldsmith, a graduate of the Colorado School, has located permanently in Las Vegas, N. M. He is a mattress-maker and upholsterer, and is having good patronage from the public in his well-paying business. He is now a full-fledged citizen of Las Vegas.

Not long ago a Roman Catholic priest made a visit to Superintendent Larson's school. He being interested in the cause of the education of the deaf, says he has a sister who is deaf and is now teaching in the Spanish language to a little deaf girl, who is a daughter of a wealthy duke in Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Larson are the happy parents of another little girl baby, named Vera Larson.

Last year it was once proposed to have a place near the deaf school, selected for a public hanging of four Mexican murderers, but a little later, by some circumstance, the place was changed to another, where it occurred in private instead of a public execution, for fear of some awful trouble from the great crowds. Superintendent L. M. Larson refused to let his pupils go and witness that execution for curiosity's sake, as he said he was of the opinion that public executions were very bad, brutal and degrading on the decent and honorable morality of the people. He said his school had never been invited to witness any public and legal executions here, as reported in the several deaf papers of two years ago.

W. B. H.  
SANTA FE, N. M., 3-24-'98.

### To Preserve Bouquets.

The soft green stems of certain flowers quickly grow slimy and offensive in water. Clip the stems every day, or put powdered charcoal in the water, and keep the flowers in vases that are not transparent.

Leaves absorb water more easily than a woody stem, and for this kind of flowers it is best to let a few leaves remain on the part that goes into the water, as the flowers will keep fresh longer.

A bouquet, sprinkled lightly with fresh water, then kept in soapsuds which are changed every third day, will retain its brightness and beauty for at least a month. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways in fresh water, the stock entering first. After a minute or two, take it out, sprinkle the flowers lightly by hand with fresh waters, and replace the bouquet in the suds.

The mind, like the lens, may be concave and scatter brain power, or convex and concentrate it.

## THEATRICAL NOTES.

THE EDEN MUSEE A CENTER OF WAR NEWS.

Since the outbreak of the Cuban revolution over three years ago, the Eden Musee has paid special attention to groups illustrative of the conflict going on in Cuba. The famous generals and heroes of the struggle have been reproduced in wax, and their most famous battles have been enacted in Cuba, and as far as possible exact duplicates of those worn by the originals. As the interest of the United States has grown in the struggle, more groups have been added, and now that war is imminent between the United States and Spain, and the Cubans are certain to obtain their freedom, the dramatists have been kept busy preparing reproducing scenes of general interest. One group shows the various methods of torture employed by Spain during the insurrection period, and which to an extent are still practiced in her colonies to-day. No person can look at these implements of torture without being glad that such methods are soon to be done away with, and punishment meted out to those who have permitted their practice. Another group represents a Hospital scene in Cuba, where the wounded are being treated by the Red Cross Society. An excellent figure of Capt. Sigbee of the ill-fated Maine has been placed on exhibit n, and it occupies the chief place in the Eden Musee, and is always surrounded by visitors. King Alphonso and the Princess Eulalie also receive their share of attention. Many new groups representing the horrors of the war, the young woman who murdered her child for apparently no reason, was added to the Chamber of Horrors. A tiger hunt has also been added, and an artistic group representing the horrors of the before an important operation. The Passion Play, which is exhibited each afternoon and evening continues to attract a host of visitors, mainly church people and ministers of all denominations. The 100th Exhibition has been given, and at every exhibition the Musee has been crowded. The exhibitions will be continued for a few weeks longer. The other attractions at the Musee at present, consist of Cinematograph views shown each hour, and scenes of naval and military displays, and daily afternoon and evening concerts, with programmes carefully selected. Selections from the leading operas are given, and at each concert there are patriotic songs which are especially pleasing at this time.

### THE WHITE HEATHER.

One of the metropolitan newspapers made a picture of the great diving scene in "The White Heather" playing at the Academy of Music, New York City, and used it to illustrate the manner in which the divers work around the wreck of the shattered and submerged cruiser Maine, in Havana Harbor. The public, taking its cue from the illustration has been crowding the Academy to get a complete idea of what a submarine wreck looks like and how the divers enter and explore it. The scene in the melodrama is the most remarkable thing of its kind ever placed on a stage. It gives the impression of a vast slice of the ocean rising straight up from the footlights and giving full view of all there is in the water and under it. A sunken wreck is there and the immense flora of the subaqueous regions together with the tremendous fish that people the great waters of the earth. First one diver and then a second is seen descending through the water. They reach the bottom and enter the wreck, each with the same mission, the securing of certain valuable papers. They represent rival factions and when they emerge from the wreck begin a desperate battle for the prize. They are armed with knives and each tries to cut the other's life line. The scene is sublime and the dramatic incidents of the fight makes it positively thrilling. The Academy audiences go crazy over it. Wildest excitement follows it, and the scene has been the sensation of the theatrical season. "The White Heather" is the greatest melodramatic success the Academy has ever had.

### The Sword Fern.

One of the most satisfactory plants I have any knowledge of for a good-sized hanging basket, or a pot to be used on a bracket, is the sword fern, catalogued as nephrolepis exaltata. It is quite unlike most other ferns in general cultivation, in form and habit, but it has a beauty all its own, and because of its sturdy, vigorous constitution, and its easy cultivation, it will become more of a favorite with the average amateur than any of the popular adianta which have a more delicate and filmy charm of frond and leaf, because this family requires a treatment which most amateurs are not able to give it, and unless its wants can be met it is generally very disappointing.

I have seen some very fine specimens of the sword fern grown in the living room; not as fine, perhaps, as those grown in the greenhouse, where all conditions are favorable to the highest development of the plant, but still quite up to the average of the best house plants. It is a rapid grower, throwing out many fronds from eighteen inches to three feet in length. These droop gracefully over the pot, and often completely hide it. No finer ornament for the center of a large window can be imagined than a well-grown specimen of this fern. Shower the plant well at least twice a week, to keep it free from dust and ward off attacks of red spider. If scale attacks it, as it frequently does, apply an infusion of Fir-tree Oil soap. Keep the soil moist at all times. This is very important. A soil of leaf mold suits it perfectly. The thick texture of the foliage ables it to resist the injurious effects of dry air well. It does better out of sunshine than in it.

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